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Chapter 1 by Marilu Ramos

one day...

Chapter 2 by Luke Meyers

...someone wrote the laziest story ever. Everyone went "geez, seriously?"



Chapter 3 by intellikat



Ms. Alma was furious.

"This is some lazy writing, Marilu! You cannot expect to just log into Story Wars, write two words followed by ellipses and expect to go to Hollywood! You must master the basics of FORM, FORM, FORM! How many times have I tried to teach you this?! Exposition, Inciting Incident, Rising Action, Climax, Falling Action, Resolution..!"

Suddenly, a STUPID CLOWN rolled up in a Bentley.

Chapter 4 by Andra Berilă



Marilu winked at the Clown.

"Hi, Marv!"

"I just got time and not bank, bank." The Clown smiled showing his big white teeth. He jumped out of the column of Bentley and See more of Story Wars

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backtrack and started to run.

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Marilu felt relieved

But Ms. Alma wasn't impressed at all.

Chapter 5 by intellikat



"Marilu! Do your parents know about THIS CLOWN? Do they know that you are spending time with him??"

"Geez, Ms. Alma. Lighten up. Take a lesson from Marv. Look at him. He doesn't let anything get him down."

Ms. Alma looked at the Clown. The Clown rolled his eyes, did a little shuffle-dance and held his palms up and cocked his head to one side as if to say "thus is life," or something to that effect.

Ms. Alma shook her head in disbelief. Marv lifted something from the trunk and set it down on the ground. Marilu made her way to his side.

"Do you know why this story is called '...', Ms. Alma?" She didn't. "It's because that will be the last thing from your lips. You and everyone else on this site. So pretentious. Your writing. Calling my writing lazy. Looking down on clowns, and saying they aren't the proper subject for literature. Wanting to keep characters like us out of your stories. Well guess what? We got in. And now that we're in, we're going to set a literary bomb. Blow this site sky high."

The Clown had been kneeling next to something, tinkering, and it was at this moment that he stood up to reveal what it was at his feet. There, sprouting an array of coloured wires, was a giant banana cream pie. A banana cream pie... bomb. And the timer had begun to count down.

Chapter 6 by intellikat



Suddenly, Joakim pulled his ripcord and initiated the most spectacular HALO jump you could imagine. His glistening Nike Air Jordans touched down on the pavement as lightly as a kat, and he knelt on one knee as if in prayer. But in the next moment he was up again, and sprinting directly at the Stupid Clown and the bomb. The Clown tried to reach for his squirting flower to adjust the aim, but he was too slow. In one swift movement, Joakim drew a telescoping katana

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Ms. Alma shuddered. Marilu cowered behind her.

"I only teach these kids, sir," she stammered. "I can't be responsible for their writing. In fact, only a moment ago I was chiding Marilu for her writing. Please! You have to believe me, Mr. Story Wars!"

Chapter 7 by intellikat



Joakim was having none of it. With indecent fury and his bloody katana, he dispatched the entire crew of characters and reset the story to tabula rasa.

"Let me show you how a REAL STORY is written," he growled, preparing for Chapter 8.

Chapter 8 by Ian



Cracking his knuckles, Joakim hunkered in front of the keyboard and thought of Shakespeare, Joyce, Whitman, Steinbeck and... froze. Minutes turned into hours into days. The fine legs of sweat dried on his forehead and his hands shook. He was under an ocean of pressure. Unable to break eye contact with the screen, he had started to hallucinate. Urine dried on his leg.

Why had Intellikat overpromised yet again?

Joakim thought of the crisis in the Middle East, of millions of normal people finding themselves suddenly displaced and unwelcome everywhere they went. He thought of Old Chinese men blinking up at the towers in Beijing, trying to find something, anything to connect to his sense of self. He thought of young German car workers battling up the career ladder only to be shocked by their bosses' deceit. And, yes, there it was - the perfect ending.

The keys clacked, tentatively at first, then faster and faster. Joakim pressed "create draft", grinned and headed for the shower.

There on the screen: "And Marilu lived happily ever after."

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